

The Lady of the Prestigious Family is a Big Boss
#Chapter 11 - 011, Second Master's Death Anniversary -
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Finally, the end-of-class bell rang.

As soon as Xu Li left, the people in the classroom looked at each other and then exploded into chatter.

"Surname Ye, could it be someone from the Ye Family?"

"Ye Miao, she shares the same surname as you, do you know her?"

"She seems so arrogant and imposing, not even wearing the school uniform, and she's lying down to sleep on her first day of class, damn impressive."

The people around were whispering, and Ye Miao's face grew increasingly ugly.

He jumped to his feet, startling the people beside him.

Ye Miao strode over to Ye Jiuliang, slapping his hand on the desk.

"Bang—"

The breeze from his palm lifted a few strands of her hair.

The others silently fell quiet, their surprised gazes shifting between Ye Miao and Ye Jiuliang.

The smell of gunpowder was thick.

There was a story here.

Ye Jiuliang slowly straightened up and leaned back.

"Is there a problem?" she asked, her eyes and brows slightly cool, showing some irritation.

"Ye Jiuliang, now that you've entered Beisen, you'd better not tarnish the Ye Family's reputation all over the place. This isn't abroad; you should remember that," Ye Miao said viciously.

So, they really did know each other.

It looked like they were even family, the onlookers sighed inwardly.

Ye Jiuliang curled her lips, stood up, walked past him, and headed outside.

She completely ignored him.

This move made Ye Miao feel like he couldn't save face.

It was as if he had performed a solo act, all fired up while others treated him like a fool.

"Ye Jiuliang, you stop right there," Ye Miao called after the girl's retreating figure.

Ye Jiuliang acted as if she hadn't heard and continued to walk out without stopping.

Watching that carefree figure, everyone couldn't help but click their tongues.

With that presence, she totally outclassed Ye Miao.

"What are you looking at." Having lost face over Ye Jiuliang, Ye Miao vented his anger on the others.

He kicked the chair Ye Jiuliang had sat in and then quickly left the classroom.

The next two periods were for elective courses. Ye Jiuliang had just arrived, and she hadn't chosen her electives yet, so she simply wandered around the school.

* * * *

Feng Group

President's Office

"What kind of wind has blown you, Li Fifth Master, over here?" Feng Yi said with a light chuckle, teasing the friend sitting on the opposite sofa.

Li Mochan had his legs crossed and gave him a slight glance, "I heard old Mr. Feng has been arranging blind dates for you recently?"

The "old Mr. Feng" he referred to was Feng Yi's grandfather. Although the two of them were of similar age, there was a generation gap. Mentioning this made Feng Yi feel speechless.

"What, do you have a good match to introduce to me?" Feng Yi retorted as if he wasn't bothered by boiling water.

"Xiao Family..." Li Mochan began to speak with his thin lips slightly parted.

Before he could finish, Feng Yi quickly raised both hands in surrender, saying, "Okay, okay, my mistake. Boss, I shouldn't have made fun of you with my loose lips."

That spoiled miss from the Xiao Family was more than he could bear.

"I want to ask you something. I've heard that Li Jingjie is getting engaged to Ye Xin. Is that set in stone?" Feng Yi asked with keen interest, recalling the recent gossip rippling through their circle.

An alliance between the Li Family and the Ye Family, that would be quite the spectacle.

Li Mochan hummed indifferently in response.

"That guy Li Jingjie, just a few days ago I saw him taking a woman into a hotel. If Ye Xin gets wind of this, it'll probably make things even more interesting," Feng Yi said with a schadenfreude grin.

In terms of status, the Ye Family was not a bit inferior to the Li Family. If Li Jingjie caused a scandal that embarrassed the Ye Family right at the critical moment of their engagement, the marriage would likely be in jeopardy.

But Li Jingjie wasn't brainless, his scandals were indeed well-hidden.

At this moment, a knocking sound arose.

Knock, knock, knock.

In an instant, Feng Yi restrained the smile at the corner of his mouth, "Come in."

"President, the meeting has started," Assistant Jian Cheng entered, his expression respectfully conveying the message.

"Understood, you can leave now."

Jian Cheng nodded and quietly stepped out.

Feng Yi casually withdrew his gaze and, seeing the person opposite him standing up, quickly said, "Don't forget about the VI Club tomorrow afternoon."

As the words fell, the man had already walked to the door.

At the main entrance of the corporation, a black luxury car was parked.

In the driver's seat, Wei Bei was replying to messages on his phone.

Suddenly, he caught a glimpse of someone exiting the company and quickly got out of the car.

As he opened the car door he said, "Master, you left your phone in the car, it just rang."

Hearing this, Li Mochan's deep eyes darkened before he sat in the car.

Wei Bei closed the car door and walked around to the other side to get in.

Inside the car, Li Mochan's slender fingers glided across the screen, finding the missed call and redialing it.

"Doo-doo..."

It hadn't rung twice before someone on the other end answered.

"Cousin, you're being too unfair," the man's complaining words still couldn't hide his voice's gentle, jade-like warmth.

Li Mochan asked unhurriedly, "Thinking about joining the company?"

After a few seconds of silence on the phone, a soft sigh was heard, "Cousin, it's not nice to threaten people like this. If it weren't for your disappearance, how could Grandmother... That blind date was meant for you, you know."

A massive matchmaking event; he wished he could have sprouted wings and flown away.

He felt like he was caught in the crossfire while lying down.

It was too hard for him!

"I heard your contract with Ayi's company is ending soon?" Li Mochan hooked his lips, his tone as light as a cloud.

Instantly understanding the implications in his words, Jiang Yisheng felt miserable and ingratiatingly said, "Cousin, I happen to be free these days, I can spend more time at home with Grandmother. You just focus on handling the company's affairs."

A satisfied curve appeared on Li Mochan's lips.

...

That afternoon, Ye Jiuliang had no classes and returned home early.

Passing by the courtyard, she happened to hear Old Master Ye's voice.

"How is Jiuliang doing at school?"

"Should be doing quite well," Aren said softly while standing by, "The school uniform and textbooks will be sent over in a bit."

Old Master Ye took a light sip of tea, "That's good."

"Master, the anniversary of Second Master's death is at the end of next month. Now that Miss Jiuliang has returned, should we let her know about the day of mourning?" After hesitating for a while, Aren asked.

Although Ye Yuan had passed away, Ye Jiuliang had always refused to acknowledge this fact. She never came back for Ye Yuan's death anniversary, and any mention of it between her and Old Master Ye always led to arguments.

There was a time when, due to Ye Miao and others' careless and insensitive talk, they deliberately mentioned Ye Yuan's death anniversary in front of Ye Jiuliang. In front of everyone, Ye Jiuliang ended up beating them up.

Since then, Ye Jiuliang's notoriety had become well-known within the Ye Family, and despite Old Master Ye's protective stance, eventually, nobody dared to easily bring up her father's death anniversary in her presence.

The fingers of Old Master Ye that were pinching the tea lid stiffened, a trace of sorrow crossing his eyes, mingled with other feelings he couldn't quite articulate.

"There's no need."

A cold voice suddenly interrupted.

Old Master Ye's expression changed slightly as he looked up, and Ye Jiuliang emerged, pushing aside the branches and leaves and walking out from behind the ancient tree.

Beneath the slanting sun, frost condensed in the depths of her eyes.

Her piercing gaze made Old Master Ye inexplicably flustered.

Chapter 12: 012, Don't Blame Me for Being Ruthless (Extra Chapter)

However, he quickly regained his composure and subtly changed the subject, "Jiuliang, how come you returned so early? Are you still getting used to school?"

"I've said it before, if the living can't be seen and the dead can't be found, anyone dares to bring up the anniversary again, don't blame me for being ruthless." Ye Jiuliang's voice was cold and resolute.

A strong, cold aura poured out from the girl, causing Aren to flinch slightly, as if scared.

Even Master Ye had never seen Ye Jiuliang like this, unfamiliar and rebellious, like an Asura emerging from hell.

Carrying a determination to destroy everything.

Ye Jiuliang suppressed the rebelliousness in her eyes and took out a card from her pocket, placing it back on the table, "I don't need these things."

After speaking, she turned and left, not giving Master Ye the chance to speak.

"Miss Jiuliang..." Aren called out almost instinctively.

Helplessly, the girl's figure gradually shrank into the distance.

Master Ye said, "Don't call her, let her go."

"Master, actually Miss Jiuliang just misses Second Master too much," Aren comforted.

"Heh."

Master Ye chuckled, revealing a hint of melancholy.

Ayuan, do you think I am even worse than your daughter?

The setting sun cast its glow, and the streets were bustling.

Ye Jiuliang rode her pink electric scooter aimlessly through the various alleys.

Suddenly, a sharp brake, and the scooter came to a steady stop.

It was in front of an old convenience store.

Ye Jiuliang looked at the arcade machine by the door of the store, and memories of the past drifted away.

"Ajiu, do you like this little car?"

"I like it."

"What else do you want? Take anything, Daddy will buy it for you."

"I want a rattle-drum and some lollipops."

The deep yet gentle voice seemed still to be in her ears. Ye Jiuliang tugged at her lips, her nose tinged with sourness.

"Little girl, would you like to buy something?" the elderly man asked with a hoarse voice.

Ye Jiuliang glanced sideways, it was still the same old man, only now his black and white hair had turned completely white.

Ye Jiuliang smiled faintly and picked up a rattle-drum from the wooden cabinet, "How much for this?"

The old man said with a kind smile, "Twenty-five."

After paying, Ye Jiuliang walked out of the convenience store with the rattle-drum.

The pink scooter darted out of the alley and wove through the streets, gradually slowing down.

Fifteen minutes later, Ye Jiuliang looked frustrated.

Why did it have to run out of battery now, of all times?

She took out her phone, sent a message, then parked her scooter under a tree and headed to the coffee shop across the street.

Soon, she came out holding a hot drink.

Finding a bench by the roadside, she took a sip of her hot coffee and looked down, playing with the rattle-drum in her hand.

It was hard to imagine that Master Jiu, who feared neither heaven nor earth, had such a childish side.

Members of Organization K would faint in shock if they saw this.

Leaving the KTV, Ye Miao and a few friends arranged to have a meal.

As soon as he got out of the car, he heard his close friend say, "Hey, Ye Miao, that person looks a lot like Ye Jiuliang."

With Ye Jiuliang's brief appearance at school today, many people knew that Beisen Academy suddenly got a new transfer student.

A member of the Ye Family.

And with an excessively beautiful face.

What's most important is her powerful aura, totally badass and cool.

"What do you mean looks like? It is her," another man retorted.

Ye Miao followed their gaze and saw from afar, under the streetlamp, the girl with a delicate face covered with a layer of coldness.

If not Ye Jiuliang, then who could it be?

Talk about an unlucky encounter!

□

Chapter 13: 013, Fifth Master: What he said is true.

"Ye Miao, there's no one around now. You better take your revenge while you can," a male student who was on good terms with Ye Miao egged him on from the side.

Ye Miao had a gloomy face and remained silent.

"Amiao, don't tell me you're scared?" Li Jingqi elbowed him, intentionally provoking him.

"For such a big man to be afraid of a little girl, how pathetic."

As expected, reverse psychology worked to some extent.

Ye Miao clenched his fists and strode towards the opposite street corner.

Seeing this, the rest followed closely behind him.

After all, when it came to watching drama, the more, the merrier.

Ye Jiuliang played with her pellet drum casually, suddenly sensing an ominous aura headed her way.

Lifting her eyes, she saw Ye Miao coming toward her with a menacing air.

A few boys around his age followed behind him.

They clearly meant no good.

Her eyes slightly raised, and her red lips curled into a dangerous arc.

"Amiao, your little sister is actually quite pretty."

The tone was sarcastic, with a hint of ridicule and contempt.

Just now, separated by a road and in the darkness, Li Jingqi hadn't seen Ye Jiuliang's face clearly. Now, at a closer glance, a flicker of dark light passed through his eyes.

"My mother only had me; don't talk nonsense here." From a young age, Ye Miao had always looked down upon Ye Jiuliang and naturally disliked anyone associating him with her.

Following his words, the others laughed uproariously.

"You have three seconds to get out of my sight," Ye Jiuliang said with drooping eyelids and a cold voice.

Arrogant, haughty.

The crowd looked at each other. They were all young lads, and being told to scram by a little girl was a blow to their pride and dignity.

"Wow, Miss Ye is quite arrogant," Li Jingqi squinted his elongated eyes, his gaze towards Ye Jiuliang filled with predatory interest.

"With Elder Ye as your backer, look how differently you talk."

"What's it to you if I'm arrogant," Ye Jiuliang's eyelids rose slightly, and the violence in her eyes began to spread.

Li Jingqi's expression stiffened.

Catching the glances from his friends next to him, he suddenly felt embarrassed.

A flicker of resentment crossed his eyes, and he reached out his hand towards Ye Jiuliang.

"You little wretch!"

Ye Jiuliang smirked coldly, and Ye Miao suddenly remembered something and called out hastily, "Jingqi, no..."

Before he could finish, his words were stuck in his throat. In the blink of an eye, all he could see was the girl's long fingers blurring into a shadow.

A "crack" indicated a bone was probably dislocated.

"Ahh—"

A scream like a slaughtered pig pierced the sky.

The crowd shivered in their hearts.

Ye Jiuliang calmly withdrew her hand, her light eyes sweeping over the remaining people, "Do you all want to taste what it's like to have your bones dislocated, hmm?"

Her voice rose at the end, carrying a chilling force.

Confronted with the girl's cold gaze, everyone instinctively took a step back.

They were feeling a bit cowardly.

"Jingqi, are you okay?" Ye Miao supported him and asked.

Li Jingqi covered his wrist, sweating profusely from the pain as he glared at Ye Jiuliang with bloodshot eyes, "Ye Jiuliang, do you know who I am? You dare to hurt me. Our Li Family won't let you get away with this."

Ye Jiuliang raised an eyebrow, the Li Family?

In her mind, she couldn't help but recall that bewitchingly handsome face, and she got slightly distracted.

However, this expression of hers, in Li Jingqi's eyes, seemed like fear, and a smug look appeared on his face, "Ye Jiuliang, if you kneel down and apologize, and if you're sincere enough, I might consider acting as if this never happened and not hold it against you."

Ye Jiuliang let out a cold snort, her slender body rising slowly.

Having witnessed Ye Jiuliang's brutality just now, the others were shadowed by fear, so they stepped back once more.

For a moment, only Li Jingqi and Ye Miao stood in front.

"Then you might as well hold a grudge," Ye Jiuliang said calmly.

Before she finished speaking, she threw the rest of her coffee at him with a backhanded gesture.

"Whoosh—"

The entire action was done in one fluid motion.

Fast, fierce, accurate!

Li Jingqi lowered his head, a large coffee stain spreading on his white shirt, and specks of coffee even splashed onto his face.

It wasn't hot, but it was extremely embarrassing.

Ye Miao dodged quickly, yet a pair of white shoes still got caught in the fallout.

Their complexions were a mix of purples and greens, like a palette.

The atmosphere was tense and standoffish.

"Master, Li Jingqi seems to be causing a scene," Wei Bei, with sharp eyes, spotted Li Jingqi standing at the street corner and whispered.

"And Ye Family's Ye Miao is also there."

Upon hearing this, Li Mochan opened his eyes, and a shadow passed over them, "Let's go take a look."

"Yes."

The traffic light ahead turned green, and Wei Bei started the car.

"Ye Jiuliang, you're courting death." Repeatedly toyed with, Li Jingqi was thoroughly enraged; he grabbed a wooden stick from the ground and swung it at Ye Jiuliang's head.

Seeing this, Ye Miao was also stunned for a moment, but then he remembered Ye Jiuliang's arrogant and wayward behavior and stood aside silently to watch the show.

After all, if he didn't get involved, even if Ye Jiuliang were beaten to a cripple, it had nothing to do with him.

Seeing Li Jingqi getting furious, the others quickly stepped aside.

Kidding, Ye Miao and Ye Jiuliang were from the same family, and he wasn't helping, why would they meddle in this muddy water?

"Screech—"

At the critical moment, there was a faint sound of tires rubbing against the ground.

Everyone turned to look in unison.

Under the streetlight, a black Maybach parked steadily at the side of the road. Its sleek lines and cool design had all the boys present feeling a heartbeat of desire.

Li Jingqi looked over impatiently, and as his gaze inadvertently passed over the Maybach's license plate, his expression flickered with panic.

Why was he here?

This was bad.

The car window rolled down slowly, a blazingly handsome face entered everyone's view, and those icy eyes inadvertently instilled fear.

And that face was familiar to all.

Li Family's Crown Prince, Li Mochan.

Ye Miao and his group stood frozen on the spot, their minds leaping from one label to another about Li Mochan.

Ruthless in action, iron-fisted, temperamental...

"Uncle Five," Li Jingqi's speech was impeded, the fierce demeanor he had while shouting and fighting gone, replaced by the demeanor of a tame little lamb.

Li Mochan's gaze shifted downward to the adult arm-thick stick in his hand, "Fighting and causing trouble?"

The chill in his voice was like the cold winds of December, rendering everyone except Li Jingqi silent, heads bowed.

"It—it wasn't like this, Uncle Five, she hurt my hand, and spilled coffee all over me, I was just too angry," burst out Li Jingqi, flustered as he tried to explain. "They can all vouch for me, it's that damn girl Ye Jiuliang who's too arrogant."

As he said this, he pointed in the direction where Ye Jiuliang was standing.

Li Mochan's gaze shifted slightly, just in time to meet the girl's gaze.

Their eyes locked, and a silent competition quietly unfolded.

The girl's clear eyes were like warm snow on a spring day, tinged with a hint of coolness. Such eyes seemed strangely familiar.

It was as if he had seen them somewhere before.

Li Mochan's deep eyes narrowed slightly, and before he could recall further, the girl opposite him suddenly curved her lips into a shallow smile, radiant as blossoming flowers.

It was like a small hook gently scratching at his heart.

A ripple of unfamiliar emotions surfaced within Li Mochan, and his brow furrowed slightly, "Is what he said true?"

Ye Jiuliang nodded readily.

"Why hit someone?" he asked.

Meanwhile, Wei Bei's lips twitched.

His master's tone... it almost seemed as if he was finding excuses for the little miss.

Was he overthinking?

Chapter 14: 014, Li Wuye: Shut up, apologize.

"He was so bored he started picking a fight, and didn't heed my advice to leave," the soft, glutinous voice starkly contrasted with the frigid tone from just before.

If Ji Mingqian and the others were here, seeing Ye Jiuliang with that expression, they would immediately run off without a trace, because whenever Ye Jiuliang planned to play hooligan, this was her look of feigning innocence like a pig pretending to eat a tiger.

The people around looked at Ye Jiuliang's sudden change with odd expressions.

Even Ye Miao wore a face as if he'd seen a ghost.

Unconsciously, Li Mochan's voice softened a bit, "And then?"

"He started it," Ye Jiuliang stepped forward, bending down in front of everyone's astonished gazes, resting her hands on the car window.

"Would this count as self-defense then, Li Wuye?"

At such a close distance, the girl's clear eyes reflected his face, her rosy lips curbed into a smile.

She stared straight at him, not showing the slightest fear unlike everyone else.

Li Mochan's gaze suddenly deepened, his lips compressed into a straight line.

"Hiss—"

Ye Miao's group snapped back to reality, watching Ye Jiuliang leaning on the car window and talking to Li Mochan, reflexively drawing a sharp breath.

Who in the capital didn't know that Li Mochan loathed women getting close to him the most? Yet Ye Jiuliang had boldly stepped right into the danger zone.

Li Jingqi watched with disdain, waiting to see Ye Jiuliang make a fool of herself.

"Uncle Wu, I..."

He had just started speaking when Li Mochan interrupted him with displeasure, "Shut up, apologize."

The terse command throbbed in his head.

Li Jingqi was stupefied, asking incredulously, "Uncle Wu, you want me to apologize to her?"

"Are you questioning me?"

The chilling voice paired with a cold glare.

Confronted with his cool, dark pupils, Li Jingqi's breath caught, as if doused with a bucket of cold water.

"No, not at all," he mumbled, head bowed and lacking confidence.

Li Mochan: "Then what are you waiting for?"

Ye Jiuliang curled her lips, watching the man's profile, wickedly curious to see his face explode with irritation.

Ruffling the feathers of the master of Dark Hall seemed like such fun.

After holding back for a while under Li Mochan's oppressive stare, Li Jingqi gnashed his teeth and spat out, "I'm sorry... sorry."

"Next time you see me, remember to take a detour. After all, I may look easy to bully, but I have a bad temper, and you're well aware of that now," Ye Jiuliang stood up straight, her tone playful.

On the side, Wei Bei tried to hold back a laugh.

This young lady was quite amusing.

"..."

Everyone else's facial muscles were twitching uncontrollably.

Look easy to bully?

Haha, right.

They really couldn't tell.

Li Jingqi glared furiously at her. Damn Ye Jiuliang, taking advantage and acting coy.

"Wuye, we'll be taking our leave then," Ye Miao's group seized the chance to retreat, speaking with utmost respect.

Li Mochan nodded, and in the next second, they all ran off, disappearing from sight.

Li Jingqi cursed them silently for their lack of loyalty, glared at Ye Jiuliang once more, and then followed after them.

Ye Jiuliang whistled, turned her head, and gazed into the man's profound, dark eyes, the smile at the corner of her lips deepening.

There was a mischievous gleam in her eyes, "Here, this is for you."

Li Mochan looked down at the rattle-drum in the girl's hand, his voice low and mellow, "What's this?"

Forgive Li Wuye, who never played with toys from childhood, for having no recollection of such a trivial thing as a rattle-drum.

"It's a rattle-drum, consider it my token of thanks," Ye Jiuliang said cheerfully, gently flicking her finger, the rattle-drum emitting a crisp sound.

"Dong dong..."

Li Mochan furrowed his brows, "A rattle-drum?"

"Master, a rattle-drum is a toy used to amuse children," Wei Bei said weakly, aware that his master had little concept of toys.

A toy for amusing children?

Li Mochan's eyes hardened slightly, and he shot Wei Bei a deadly glare. Wei Bei quickly shut his mouth and tried to make himself less noticeable.

It was obviously a toy for children; he hadn't said anything wrong.

"Hehe."

The young girl let out a light chuckle. Li Mochan's gaze hardened as he looked at her. Ye Jiuliang stopped smiling and stuffed the rattle-drum into his arms.

"Anyway, I've given the thank-you gift now, so we're even for today's incident," she said and walked away swiftly.

Li Mochan watched as her figure disappeared into the crowd, a glimmer of mystery flashing in his eyes.

"Master, are we returning to Mo Garden?" Wei Bei asked.

After such an incident, Li Jingqi would surely have some complaining to do when he got back.

Li Mochan redirected his gaze, "Back to the Li Family."

He reached for the rattle-drum, his crimson lips quietly curving into a beautiful arch.

Ye, Jiuliang!

...

As expected, Wei Bei's guess was spot on.

As soon as Li Jingqi returned to the Li Family home, he made a scene, crying out loud in the living room with his wrist wrapped.

Even the Li Family patriarch was disturbed from his study by the noise.

"Dad, you must stand up for Jingqi. How can anyone be so bullying?" Seeing the Li Family patriarch come downstairs, a woman dressed in a purple suit dress quickly approached him, her well-maintained face showing a hint of annoyance.

Fang Hui, the wife of the fourth son of the Li Family, Li Jingqi's mother.

"Dad, Jingqi's wrist has been twisted. Shaobin died early, and he's my only son. If anything happened to him, how could I live?" she said, wiping the tears from the corner of her eyes.

The Li Family patriarch was dressed in a teal traditional Chinese attire, his silver hair combed back neatly, and his stern face was uninviting.

He frowned and scanned Li Jingqi sharply, his displeasure evident at the sight of his dirty, disheveled clothes.

"What happened?"

"Grandpa, someone twisted Third Brother's wrist and spilled coffee all over him," Li Jingxuan interjected.

The Li Family patriarch ignored her, looking directly at Li Jingqi, "You tell me."

"I encountered Ye Miao on the street and had a few words with her. She attacked me for no reason, and Ye Miao can testify to that. It's all because that wretched girl Ye Jiuliang is too arrogant," Li Jingqi said, his voice becoming agitated as he spoke about Ye Jiuliang.

That expression, as if he could hardly wait to eliminate Ye Jiuliang.

"Ye Jiuliang?" The Li Family patriarch paused.

"Grandfather, it's Ye Yuan's daughter, the one who just returned to the country. She also entered Beisen Academy. I saw her from afar at school today, and Ye Miao said that Ye Jiuliang is very arrogant," Li Jingxuan explained, her heart filled with envy at the memory of Ye Jiuliang's delicate features.

"Dad, even if Ye Jiuliang is from the Ye Family, she shouldn't be so excessive. This is clearly a lack of respect for our Li Family," Fang Hui added immediately.

"If we let this matter slide so easily, outsiders will think our Li Family is inferior to the Ye Family."

"Exactly, Grandpa. We must teach that Ye Jiuliang a lesson this time. A little girl dares to hit someone from our Li Family. She's too ignorant of her place," Li Jingxuan added fuel to the fire.

"Who dares?"

The low voice, accompanied by a cold breeze, blew in from the outside.

With its distinctive tone, there was no need to look to guess the identity of the newcomer.

Fang Hui and the others' faces changed slightly, and Li Jingqi shuffled behind Fang Hui, seeking cover.

Under the light, the man's dark robes fluttered with the wind.

Wei Bei followed behind Li Mochan, looking at Li Jingqi who hid behind Fang Hui, a mocking curve forming on his lips.

Sneaking back to complain while being such a coward.

An opportunist afraid of the hard and bully of the soft.

Chapter 15: 015, Wu Ye: It's that smile again.

The old master of the Li Family saw his rarely returning younger son and his tense face softened a bit.

"Mohan, how come? Are you also aware of this matter?"

Li Mochan did not answer him, his eyes coldly sweeping towards Fang Hui, "Before you seek someone to settle the score, first ask your precious son what good deed he has done. Don't keep doing things that disgrace the Li Family."

With these words, Fang Hui's face turned pale.

She had always been apprehensive of Li Mochan.

She cracked an awkward smile, "Mohan, what do you mean by that? Jingqi's wrist is swollen like this. Could it still be fake?"

Li Mochan replied coldly, "Ask Li Jingqi."

The old master was sharp, and he immediately sensed something was amiss, "Mohan, what exactly happened? Is it that Jingqi has caused trouble outside?"

Fang Hui, listening to the old master's words, suddenly felt discontent at the bottom of her heart.

With just a few words from Li Mochan, the old master believed him. This was truly too biased.

"Old master, the thing is, it was the third young master of the Li Family who provoked first, and the young lady simply struck back in self-defense," Wei Bei chimed in at the right moment.

"The Li Family and the Ye Family are about to become in-laws, and it wouldn't look good to have such a matter arise at this critical moment. The master at the Ye's side has already resolved the issue, and it is better to downplay this matter, especially since it was the third young master of the Li Family who was in the wrong."

The old master glanced at him and then looked back at Li Mochan, already having a plan in mind.

He turned his head to look at Li Jingqi, his face darkening, "Go back to your room and reflect behind closed doors. You are not allowed to go to school these next few days. Reflect properly at home."

Li Jingqi hung his head, a hint of hatred tinting the corners of his eyes.

"Did you hear me?" the old master scolded.

"I heard you," he replied, swallowing his rage.

Ye Jiuliang, I will remember this debt. You'd better not fall into my hands.

With just two or three sentences, Li Mochan managed to turn the situation around, and Fang Hui looked at him, unable to suppress her resentment.

If it weren't for his sudden return, the old master would definitely have taken Jingqi's side. It was all the fault of Li Mochan, this lingering ghost.

— — Divider — —

"Strange, why is she wearing a boy's school uniform?"

"Yeah, but you have to admit, she looks good. She's so cool in a boy's uniform, I think I'm about to fall for her."

"This is the first time I've seen a girl wear a boy's uniform at Beisen Academy. She must have quite the background."

Today, Ye Jiuliang came to school in uniform, and from the moment she entered the school gate, she garnered many curious looks.

Students passing by Ye Jiuliang whispered and discussed her with the person next to them.

"That's Ye Jiuliang, the transfer student who just joined our class yesterday. I've heard she's Ye Miao's cousin."

In the crowd, a boy said mysteriously.

"But I've heard that their relationship as cousins isn't good, they're hostile towards each other."

As numerous gazes focused on her, Ye Jiuliang looked indifferent, unaffected.

She ascended the steps and knocked on the office door.

Knock, knock.

"Is that you, Ye?" Upon hearing the knock, Xu Li looked up and saw Ye Jiuliang, a warm smile appearing on his face.

"Come in."

After speaking, Xu Li turned back to rummage through a pile of test papers.

Ye Jiuliang's eyes slightly lifted. Surely he wasn't planning to have her sit a test, was he?

Moments later, her guess proved correct.

Looking at the test paper on the desk, with one hand propping up her head and her fingertips twirling a pen, Ye Jiuliang hesitated to start writing.

Perhaps understanding her academic performance, Xu Li reassured her, "Ye, just start with what you find easy. It's just a small test, no need to be nervous."

Ye Jiuliang hummed in acknowledgment.

She scanned the test paper and finally began to write.

Seeing this, Xu Li smiled in relief and walked back to his spot to prepare for the next class's lesson plan.

Time passed, and the early summer sunlight seeped in through the outside window, landing on the girl's face, as translucent as jade. Her long eyelashes cast faint shadows under her eyelids, and the enveloping aura of coolness around her became even more captivating.

"Master, what are you looking at?" Wei Bei came back from a call to find Li Mochan standing still, a touch of puzzlement appearing on his face.

Li Mochan remained silent, a dark gleam flickering in his abyss-like eyes.

Wei Bei scratched the back of his head and followed his gaze, landing on the figure by the office window opposite and felt a slight shock.

How is it her again?

He withdrew his gaze and looked at Li Mochan with a weird expression.

This was the first time he saw his master staring at a girl, could it be that his master's spring was about to arrive?

Before he could figure it out, Li Mochan's long legs took strides.

"Master, wait for me," Wei Bei hurriedly chased after him.

"Ye student, are you sure you finished?" Xu Li looked at the mostly blank test paper with helplessness and turned to the girl opposite him.

Fifty-nine points, not even reaching the pass mark.

With such scores, the test in a few days was undoubtedly doomed to fail.

Ye Jiuliang nodded, "I'm finished, may I leave now?"

"Ye student, why don't you think it over again, maybe you could do a few more problems," Xu Li advised.

"I don't know how to do the rest," Ye Jiuliang said candidly.

Xu Li was at a loss for words, "Er..."

He really had never seen such a straightforward student, it truly gave him a headache.

"How about this, you take another set of questions to work on, I have a meeting to attend; once you finish this set, you can go," Xu Li pulled open a drawer, took out another set of test questions and handed them to Ye Jiuliang.

Ye Jiuliang took them and walked back to her seat.

As the meeting time was approaching, Xu Li stood up, grabbed the documents on the desk, and left in a hurry.

No sooner had he left than Ye Jiuliang took out her phone and started a game.

"Beisen Academy probably doesn't have a rule that allows students to play games in the teacher's office."

A low, magnetic voice sounded from behind her.

Ye Jiuliang's fingertips paused, and she was instantly knocked out in her game.

She put away her phone and turned around.

Against the light, meeting those dark eyes with galaxies hidden within, Ye Jiuliang's lips curved in a smile, gentle as the breeze of March.

"We meet again."

She waved her little paw at him like an utterly harmless kitten.

That same kind of smile, again.

Li Mochan's heart suddenly skipped a beat.

He hid the deep colors in his eyes and walked into the office.

Approaching her, he paused and looked down at the two test papers on the table.

One was marked with a striking fifty-nine points, the other completely blank.

Li Mochan frowned, as Ye Jiuliang pointed to the striking fifty-nine points, smiled and asked, "Isn't this score quite high?"

"High?" Wei Bei couldn't help but interject, his tone shifting slightly.

She must have some misunderstanding about high scores.

No wonder the Ye Family patriarch sought his master for assistance, so this was the story behind it; Ye Jiuliang was a poor student indeed.

With such scores, staying at Beisen for a semester might just result in her getting kicked out.

"This is the highest score I've ever gotten on a test," Ye Jiuliang explained nonchalantly.

"Then what did you score before?" Wei Bei curiously asked without thinking.

Ye Jiuliang, "Always fifty-nine points."

"..."

Wei Bei was petrified.

Always fifty-nine points, how on earth did she take her exams?

Couldn't she score a passing grade just once?

He blurted out the question that was on his mind, "Is it that hard to get sixty points?" It was always just that one point short, this girl must be doing it on purpose.

"What do you know?" Ye Jiuliang's fingertips lifted, lightly tapping on the desk, "An extra point and I might become arrogant, being humble is definitely better."